THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poem.

HENRY OF FRANCE, IN YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

A mighty name that years agone
Before me saw the light,
Was ever in the mind of man
And first before his sight—
A name the world shall ne'er go on,
The beautiful, the bright.

And ah, it is a noble part
His deeds in look repay,
To set his glorious works apart
And read them one by one—
The links that bound a noble heart,
And broke when life was done.

But how the king of lordly France
His mien the brightest arms,
Then where his great heritage glance
Upon our waking dreams,
And hope, young hope, and pleasure dance
Within his young eye beams.

He was the bravest of them all,
And (most to their glory),
And near the conn tercel fell
Around his head like rain.
But knew he League's murderous hell
Fell on his horse in vain.

A mighty name for many a day
He held among the brave,
And lightly as his temples lay
The crown he twice gave,
And kingly glances shone away,
That have defied the grave!

But oh the prince, the gay young prince
Whose poets love to sing,
Around whose career complacencies
Such sweet romances cling—
The gay young prince has ever since
Been dearer than the king.

They say that love in allot time
Became a fault with him,
Affection had too many a crime
That made his glories dim,
Can gallant foibles in a mind
That knew a throne and crown,
They tell us of the princely love
He bore to Gabrielle,
And how he loved a wanton dame
Into her bosom fell—
And how his deeds were made to prove
He loved his lady well.

But oh, the young heart's earliest vow,
It was the sweetest yet—
In after years 'twas to the veil of Providence,
Unchangeable and sweet—
He ever loved his country
Who loved like poor Florette.

In other years, as eventide,
Beside the Loire I see,
Some courtly beauty at his side,
The Duchess sobbing here—
How is his heart the roses died,
Though all is dying near.

And watching as the stars came up,
Some bright familiar star,
The lovely Lady uttering hope
When he was young also,
And other lineaments developed
And his own Navarre.

Still on the memories of a race
That rose from dust to dust,
The soiler is the flower trace
That rescues it to command,
And Henri Quatre finds a grace
We give not to the Grand.

Original Tales.

THE WHITE LADY;
Or, the Haunted Mansion.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF AUNT MARY'S TALES, ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED, &c.

CHAPTER III.

When Blanche was summoned to the tea-table, her face was flushed, her eyes heavy, and she had altogether such evident marks of indisposition that not only Helen but even her mother was alarmed, and on the latter's questioning her closely with regard to her feelings she acknowledged that she was very far from well, but attributed it to a nervous cold that she had caught the day she had sat so long on the top of the hill. She begged to spare the anxious questions of her friends she forced herself to assume a degree of gayety very much in opposition to her feelings. Mr. Dunlap was much concerned when Blanche had ever seen her, and Helen's countenance was never clouded from restless suggestions which had so long mastered it. Fergus as usual was all animation, and began to fire off his artillery of jokes with a rapidity that was astonishing.

"Well, Helen," said he, "did the letter that ye got fix the exiliad gie ye entire satisfaction?"

It was the letter that Blanche had read, and was so anxious to receive," replied Helen coldly.

"And is it none English fellow, Helen, that has the heart to take ye suddenly; or is it auld love warmed up again, as Alice warns us he may be? I'm curious to know, for I am always mair pi'y'd when I hear the new when it's weal warmed up, and may be ye might find it the same wi' auld love.

"Maxima!" said Helen, with a degree of pettishness that Blanche had never before seen her exhibit, "I wish you would make Fergus hold his tongue."

"My dear Helen," said Mrs. Dunlap laughing, "you really attribute more importance to your letter than it does, but I would not be surprised that new suitor will be out more learn than a little conversation."

"Well, then," said Helen, who was of the same opinion with Blanche, and remembered that one Malcolm Douglas was, some year sift a half ago, the very frequent subject of her letters, and that all at once it occurred that his name might never be mentioned to me again. The reason of this was that I found he had a few years previous allowed his affections to be entangled with those of another. He did not attempt to deny the charge, but excused himself on the score of his extreme youth and the designing character of the man who ander-mind him from the path of virtue. But so great is my horror of deception, that I have always been determined to never unite myself to a man who had ever given way to it. The connection was consequently broken off, and I never heard anything more of him but from time till came to pay my visit to you. It seems he had gone abroad as soon as he was of age, and returned recently, and there became so intimate with Donald Beaumont. They were mutually prepossessed, and Donald invited him and my letter was agreed to travel together. This they did and by the time they had finished their tour they had become sincerely attached friends. It was then that Malcolm had made Donald the confidant of his love and of his disappointment as well as its cause and he had written home from Geneva announcing to your friend and the Helen Dunlap of whom he had heard so much, were one and the same person, and that he was determined to make a long, but delightful excursion in restoring the happiness of his friend. This subject took the cause of Donald and myself from any long conversations together, which you could only induce me to enter into on the presumption that you knew me. I could not bear that the subject should be introduced to me after so long a concealment from me, and as he considered that my confidence in his integrity was the best guarantee for the character of his friend, he begged of you to do all in your power to establish my confidence in him. When I came home and talked to you myself on the subject and told her of Donald's belief of the strength and fervidness of Malcolm's attachment, as well as his hatred of the vice in which he had only for a short time indulged, she became as warm an advocate for him as Oswald himself, and she wrote to authorize Beaumont to say, in her name, that Douglas would be a welcome visitor at Ballgay. The number of weeks that elapsed from the time of this letter being sent and an answer to it being returned, kept me in a state of constant anxiety, and even when I received a letter from Oswald saying that before my mother's letter arrived, his friend had disappeared, and that he had not been able to find out whether he had gone till just before he wrote, when he had heard that he was lurking somewhere within the precincts of Ballgay, in the hope of having an incidental meeting with me, but which meeting of course, by urging me so long a prisoner in her chamber, had prevented, I was far from being relieved, as though Beaumont added that he had enclosed my mother's letter, and sent it to Malcolm, so that he had no doubt we should very soon see him; an observation that encreased the uneasiness I felt in having been so long in this neighborhood still seated on my mind, and made me unwilling to leave the subject unmentioned even to you, my dear Blanche, both because I wished to be myself perfectly satisfied before the affair was at all known to any one that I was absolutely necessary, and because I knew your generous confiding nature so well, that I was afraid of being persuaded by you against my inclination to do what I thought right. I was therefore very glad when he came and spoke of various little circumstances that had transpired, amongst which, was the fact that Malcolm had been seen lurking about the hill, all doubts and suspicions were at once removed, and I very truthfully renewed my engagement with Malcolm, that was quite as necessary for his happiness as for his."

"And poor Oswald!" said Blanche.

"Poor Oswald!" as you call him, will be one of the happiest of human beings as soon as you are both well enough to unite him."

"My dear Helen! do not attempt to deceive me! You are not aware of the mysterious manner in which he spoke the last time I saw him."

"Perhaps I am better informed on the subject than you imagine," said Helen, smiling. "He talked of the strong certainty of what his fate might be until the midnight walker, and when we had sat waiting as with the intention of going, when Blanche rushed forward and threw herself at his feet. "Oh! do not stun me, sweet spirit!" she exclaimed, "but stay and let me pour out to thee the miseries that I cannot utter to mortal ear! Oh! if when in this world thou ever felt what it was to suffer, intercede for me, I beseech thee, that I may have strength to bear the lot that is assigned me, not as a penitent child that barely withholds from complaining, but with a patient submission to the will of Providence, which alone becomes those who have their various parts assigned them by an unerring Judge!" As Blanche spoke, she raised her hands and her eyes, and clasped her hands together and raising them, stood as in an attitude of supplication. The idea of actually seeing a supernatural being, whom they had in Divinity itself, was so vast and overpowering to Blanche's already overwrought feelings and exhausted frame, that she sank lifeless on the floor.

Various were the fancies that flitted across Blanche's imagination before she became sensible of realities; the prevailing one, however, was that the White Lady was constantly hovering over her, and sometimes that she felt her lips press cold and cheek upon her burning cheek, and instead of the icy coldness that she had expected, she was conscious of warm sighs breathed upon her face, and of words of tenderness. Then again she would fancy she felt the cold marble hand pressed upon her brow and Helen bending over her, and endeavoring to cheer her with promises of happiness and the next moment the vision would change into the form of Beaumont, who stood looking at her with stern sadness, and upbraiding her with selfishness and want of sympathy. At length, however, the seemed to hear Helen's voice in her ear, and she could walk up, she found herself in bed, the room darkened, and the curtains just so much drawn as to shut out the light, and that night she was visited by no fond upon her eyelids. She made an effort to put back the hair that clung to her forehead, and was drawn aside and Helen stood before her.

"Have you come to see why I lay so long?" said she, in a voice that showed that time had been employed while she remained in the delirium of fever.

"No, dear Blanche; I am here to keep you from attempting to get up. You have been very ill, and necessary that you should be kept very quiet, for fear of a relapse."

"And did you fear that I was ill?" asked the invalid, as the recollection of the scene with the White Lady began gradually to return to her mind.

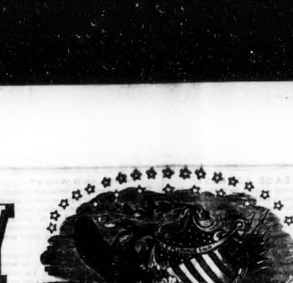
"My soul, Blanche," said Helen, "but do not ask any questions now, and you soon shall hear all. You must make haste to get well, and I will tell you the reason to somehow you to a gentleman who is equally anxious to make your acquaintance."

"Then you may well suppose I am puzzled to know what you mean," said Blanche with a faint smile.

"You have seen him certainly, for he had the audacity to carry you from here in his arms, and over the hill to the spot where I found you."

"What do you mean, dear Helen? Explain yourself, I beg, for indeed your suspense will do me more harm than a little conversation."

"Well, then," said Helen, who was of the same opinion with Blanche, and remembered that one Malcolm Douglas was, some year sift a half ago, the very frequent subject of my letters, and that all at once it occurred that his name might never be mentioned to me again. The reason of this was that I found he had a few years previous allowed his affections to be entangled with those of another. He did not attempt to deny the charge, but excused himself on the score of his extreme youth and the designing character of the man who and-led him from the path of virtue. But so great is my horror of deception, that I have always been determined to never unite myself to a man who had ever given way to it. The connection was consequently broken off, and I never heard anything more of him but from time till came to pay my visit to you. It seems he had gone abroad as soon as he was of age, and returned recently, and there became so intimate with Donald Beaumont. They were mutually prepossessed, and Donald invited him and my letter was agreed to travel together. This they did and by the time they had finished their tour they had become sincerely attached friends. It was then that Malcolm had made Oswald the confidant of his love and of his disappointment as well as its cause and he had written home from Geneva announcing to your friend and the Helen Dunlap of whom he had heard so much, were one and the same person, and that he was determined to make a long, but delightful excursion in restoring the happiness of his friend. This subject took the cause of Oswald and myself from any long conversations together, which you could only induce me to enter into on the presumption that you knew me. I could not bear that the subject should be introduced to me after so long a concealment from me, and as he considered that my confidence in his integrity was the best guarantee for the character of his friend, he begged of you to do all in your power to establish my confidence in him. When I came home and talked to you myself on the subject and told her of Oswald's belief of the strength and fervidness of Malcolm's attachment, as well as his hatred of the vice in



a fortunate one, for her alarm, at seeing you drop down apparently dead, had the effect of lessening the organ of speech, and she was, for weeks, as she told me, under a lesson by you, which will be of service to her for the rest of her life. She scarcely ever left your bedside from the time you were taken ill till we saw that your fever had subsided and your consciousness was returning; when she went away, for the alarm of seeing her might be injurious. She left me in commission to give you a sketch of her mournful history, and also to give you the notes," added Helen, taking a paper from her bosom, as she spoke, "which you shall have as soon as you are well enough to read it."

"Oh! I can read it now," said Blanche, "let me have it, and then I shall have nothing to do but to lie still and get a good sleep when I think I shall be quite well." Helen gave her the paper, and opening it she read the following:

"I have long had my sweet friend in being recalled to the duties of life. The prayer that you put up for yourself gave me a lesson from which I learned, that resignation to the will of Providence does not lie in merely not grumbling, but in a cheerful endeavor to promote the happiness of others, though happiness can never more be our own portion. I have allowed other to lie by me unread, merely because my own misfortunes have been a better one, but I will endeavor in future to follow your example, and think of others rather than of myself.

MILDRED MCDONALD."

Scarcely had Blanche finished reading these lines, when, shutting up the paper, she rose from the bed, and going up to the bed she pressed her lips affectionately on Blanche's cheek, but unconscious that she was so, she again laid her head and pressed it with an air of affectionate sympathy to her lips. "Let me propose," said she "that you should go to sleep, and that I and my friends while I endeavour to get some sleep for I feel that I need it."

"I should willingly stay with you till my return," said Helen.

"You could not give me a pleasanter task to perform," said Blanche, and Helen left the room, while Blanche allowed the curtain to be drawn around her, and composing herself to rest, she fell asleep, and awoke in the morning much refreshed, and in the course of the day was visited by all the members of a disheartened and happy mood.

We will leave it to our readers to imagine Blanche's rapid return to health, her meeting with her lover, and the happy union of the two friends in the objects of their well tried affection; and as they both had the same birthday, so they make their wedding day the same. "I always thought," said Fergus, "that Helen would prove of my way of thinking, and now I have a mine that auld love, like auld brose, was the best when weel warmed up again."

The two friends and their husbands frequently exchanged visits, and as on each return to Ballgay Mrs. Dunlap and Helen were delighted in exerting herself for the benefit of those around her, and finding comparative happiness for her self in the happiness of others, she was a kind, caring and afflicted wherever they were found, she rejoiced to think she had been instrumental in calling to life the best feelings of her friend in her degree, healing the wounded spirit of The White Lady.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT.

A NEW FRESCO BY RAPHAEL—IBRAHIM PACHA — THE "LAST SUPPER" OF LEONARDO DEL SARTO—AMERICAN ART IN FLORENCE.

Florence, November 3, 1845.

A week or two ago, the artistic world of Florence was started by the announcement that a discovery had been made of a fresco in a building in the Via Faenza, formerly part of a monastery, but now used for manufacturing purposes. The subject of which is the "Last Supper," is of large dimensions, it had lain neglected and covered with dirt for many years. Lapyglass, I learn is another Italian artist had the curiosity to attempt its restoration, and found such evidences of a superior work of art that he consulted with the Grand Duke and proposed. Some artists are still incredulous about its genuineness, but besides containing the initials of Raphael, there is a date corresponding with the time of his sojourn in Florence, it is said to be painted precisely in his early style. As a work of art, it is considered a great acquisition to the many valuable frescoes which are the pride of Florence, and to have been executed by the pencil of the immortal master is reckoned as a treasure.

I have seen Ibrahim Pacha, the son of old Mehemet Ali, driving in his carriage through the streets. He is here on a visit to the Grand Duke, he has been spending some time on account of his health. I was anxious to see him on account of the important part he has played in the affairs of the East, as well as his having been the conqueror of the Turkish troops during the Greek Revolution. He is a small man, of middle age, and his appearance and countenance wears a stern and almost savage look, very consistent with the character he has acquired for cruelty and severity. He is a rather prettily so person, the pale olive of his complexion contrasting strongly with the whiteness of his teeth. In common with all his attendants, he wears the high red cap, picturesque blue tunic and loose trousers of the Egyptians. I saw in company with a man of them whose face with its mild contenance beauty, does not show to advantage among so civilized and so much lighter scenes in the East, the Duke gave a grand entertainment to the Pacha, at the Palazzo Vito.

Another artistic link which this mention of his Egyptian Highness has been locked, I step naturally from the rose-decked terrace of Raphael, to another of the same subject, by Andrea del Sarto; which, as it is seen by few who visit Florence, may not have been described by tourists. It is a picture which I exceedingly at having, in this over-run and overtraveled country, stumbled upon one unappropriated by the guide. It stands in an old building, with windows on the outside of the city wall. Besides the intrinsic merit of the painting, its history is very interesting. It was painted by Del Sarto during the extinction of the Florentine republic, the city was often besieged and every painting or other work of art, which was in the exposed portions of the city, in danger of fire, alone preserving, it from the vandal hands of the enemy. It stood although many years as a bare wall, exposed to sun and storm, and in spite of all this is well enough preserved to enjoy a good deal of its original freshness of color. The figures are represented as the models sit for their pictures, the disciples are grouped around, with faces expressive of deep interest, and there is in all the figures that delightful harmony of coloring that marks the works of this master. When the painting was fresh, it of said to have had the effect of a real scene on the beholder.

In Florence, and indeed through all Italy, there is much means for our country to be proud of the high estimation in which our artists are taking. The scene of our native western clime, brought up without any resources than their own genius and energy, now fairly rival many from their cradle upwards have done. Encouragement and inspiration from the glorious masterpieces of the old painters and sculptors. Wherever our artists are known, they are sure to create a respect for American talent, and discipline the false notions respecting our cultivation and refinement, which prevail in Europe. There are now eight or ten of our painters and sculptors in Florence, and some among them, I do not hesitate to say, take the very first rank among living artists.

I have been highly gratified in visiting the studio of Mr. G. L. Brown, who, as a landscape painter, is destined to take a stand second to no other since the days of Claude Lorraine. He is now without a rival in Florence, or perhaps in Italy, and he has youth, genius and a plentiful stock of the true poetic enthusiasm for his art, to work for him for greater triumphs. His Italian landscapes have that golden mellowness and transparency so characteristic which give such a charm to the real scenes, and one would think he used on his palette, in addition to the more substantial colors, sunshine, air and sunlight and the liquid crystal of streams. He has wooed Nature like a lover, and she has not withheld her favors. She has lavished her best charms and curve her trees, load their boughs with foliage, and spread underneath them the broad, cool shadows and up the shattered crag, and steep the long mountain range in the lane of alluring distance.

He has now nearly finished, a large painting of Chanel Preaching in the Wilderness, which is in surprising beauty. You look upon one of the most picturesque of Italian scenes, the rude multitude are grouped on one side, in the edge of a magnificent forest; on the other side, towers up a mighty wall of rock and foliage that stretches back into the distance, where some grand blue mountains are piled against the sky, and a beautiful stream, winding through the middle of the picture, rides away out of the foreground. Just emerging from the shade of one of the cliffs, is the foreign figure of the saviour, with the warm light which bursts from behind the trees, falling around him as he advances in a glorious composition, and nothing I should say an piece of it, would lead you to feel disappointed when you see it next spring in America. There is a similar picture of the "Sepolcro" of St. Paul," in which he shows equal skill in painting a touching scene and breaking storm. He is one of the young artists from whom we have most to hope.

Mr. Thos. B Ashton, of Philadelphia, with whose works you are doubtless familiar, is now here, but I have not been fortunate enough to see any of his late pictures. He has been devoted chiefly to historical paintings, there are several here who display his talent, and are beginning to be favorably known in America. Mr. W. C. Bartlett, of Alabama, who has been here some time, has made two or three very beautiful compositions. His "Italian Peasant girl" is a lovely little picture. There is a melancholy lingering in the tall dark eyes, and around the sweet mouth of the child which makes it touching and interesting—it is for one loves to look upon. He has also a half length group called "The Carnation Maze" which is full of spirit and character. The Turk a handsome but voluptuous looking fellow, has seized the struggling girl, and with his head covered on her breast, is looking upward with an expression of painful grief in her beautiful countenance, and if any one to find a more attention or composition—the character than the slave merchant. He would to be too low even for a Shylock. This picture, like others of Mr. Bartlett's, is painted with a careful reference to nature and with a knowledge of the rules of art, that will secure much higher success. He has a fine critical judgment of the old masters, and in his copies has shown a remarkable talent in preserving the character by which their finest effects were produced. He will I have no doubt, win many laurels before his return to America. He has already some very fine copies from Titian and Correggio by Mr. Fisher. His copy of the celebrated Correggio at Parma, struck me as very beautiful, as well as one of Titian's, in the Tuscan Venus that hangs in the Tribune.

I have been extremely interested in looking over the sketches and paintings of Mr. Kellogg, a native of Cincinnati, during a tour through Egypt Asia Minor and Palestine. He visited many places that are rarely visited by travellers, and he has the good name of landscape views, has brought away many sketches of the character and costume of the people. From some of these he has already commenced paintings which, as his genius is equal to his practice, will be of no ordinary value. Some of these must give him at once an established reputation in America. In Constantinople where he resided for several months, he enjoyed peculiar advantages for the exercise of his art, through the favor and influence of Mr. Carr, the American, and the friendly attention of the British Minister, who took a splendid diamond cup, presented to him by Ibrim Pacha the late Grand Vizier. The sketches he brought from Greece and from the valley of the Pharpia and the mountain solitudes of old Olympus, are of great interest and value. Among his Egyptian sketches I recognize an angel in the sun, and his countenance wears a stern and almost savage look, very consistent with the character he has acquired for cruelty and severity. He is a rather prettily so person, the pale olive of his complexion contrasting strongly with the whiteness of his teeth. In common with all his attendants, he wears the high red cap, picturesque blue tunic and loose trousers of the Egyptians. I saw in company with a man of them whose face with its mild contenance beauty, does not show to advantage among so civilized and so much lighter scenes in the East, the Duke gave a grand entertainment to the Pacha, at the Palazzo Vito.

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Original Criticism.

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

This is a book similar in plan and purpose to the "New Home" of Mrs. Clavers—designed, and very well fitted, to interest us in the country it describes, and while concealing none of the inconveniences and privations of a settler's life, portraying in such glowing colors a host of counterbalancing enjoyments that we do not wonder at the attraction it must have for the wide and beautiful Prairie Land. The two pictures of life at the West leave very much the same impression upon the mind that the former author seems animated with a more enthusiastic appreciation of what is admirable there in social enjoyment, perhaps of natural beauty, and has evidently less to unveil on the rich feast spread before her, with a comparative indifference to the charms of social comforts and enjoyments. There fore, though we do not find the unsullied ease and piquant raciness of description that made Mrs. Kirkland's book to delightful, we have the scenery of the country, and the changes it presents at different seasons, set before us with such minuteness of detail, and all that is beautiful dwelt upon with such hearty zest, that we cannot help entering into the enthusiasm of the writer, and feeling ourselves in the midst of the beautiful. We are literally "carried away in the spirit" by the heart like the very witchery of nature."

The following passage portrays the condition of the western emigrant in its most favorable light.

"Social and physical freedom exist here to their fullest extent. In the Eastern States, the population of the earth, man is more or less enslaved. Want, custom, artificial desires, or some of the thousand phantasms which tread upon the heels of human enjoyment, restrain his freedom. They limit his action, give direction to his feelings, suppress his thought, cut off his communion with the primal sources of truth. His necessities have each an individual name, and call loudly for effort. He may not rest till this is made. Here, it is to a great extent otherwise. Our genial climate and cultivated soil yield an abundant and easily secure bill for labors. He is soon released from want, and his faculties, rebounding from their depressed condition, immediately betake themselves to enjoyment. There is yet enough of ease in his outward circumstances to excite, instead of exercising the tone of his mind, and with enlarged capacities for enjoyment, he finds himself surrounded by the most propitious array of facts and objects for possessing it. Nature in her loveliest and benignest aspect is spread before him. He comes home to her acquaintance, and while he is yet a stranger to her, he becomes a lover. Days have been spent, sentence into greater harmony with the good, the true, and the beautiful in creation. He becomes a better, wiser, happier man. He declares crossbite, and he begins to reach forth to ascertain the boundaries and qualities of the new world in which he finds himself. These are such as an affect him a greater degree of pleasure than he has probably ever been experienced. Every day is a day of discovery, with a moderate use of his physical powers; freedom from social trammels; freedom from the claims of an emaciation; and freedom from the claims of an emaciation; and freedom from the claims of an emaciation; and

section that "Vanity and luxury are the civilizers and conservers of labor. Certainly a mahogany is vanity and a little love of luxury would wonderfully improve the condition of settled property.

Inglis, in his account of the description of cabins. It formed the back upon the road, and there are only a few right whalers, or rather boats (for none sail), first mate, the third was between him and the fourth; he declared that its cantonments seemed extremely inviting. A patchwork quilt of blue flannel and flannel of the whitest hue, he says, he never saw. Two days after, and never imagined while I remained in the country. Directly opposite the window the wall, which was on a line with the fence, was a green pool of about the dimensions of the house. It was of artificial construction, and redounded not a little to the taste of some eight or ten large swine, who delighted their noises in its aromatic depths, at the same time that they regaled those of by-passers.

"The entrance to the house was in the rear. A low kind of whinging past the door of several feet back, which served for pantry, milk-house, pigpen, poultry-house, and possibly stable in winter. In the right angle between these was the well, just far enough from the corner to be visible in passing. The ground around this was the great theatre of action for another and children. I never knew the exact number of the latter, but if called to testify to any minute assertion he could say that it was the minimum was eight, the maximum double that number. I rarely saw less than the former, apart, for anyway the increasing of the family, and the pool on the banks of the verdant pool, or the hard-trod due ground around the well. Their dress and complexions were so uniform that I could never distinguish but one of them, a girl of some twelve years, whose face was always a little dirtier, her hair a little ruffle, and her clothes a shade nearer the color of the earth in which she borrowed. When any one approached the house, they all scampered like a herd of wild animals into the angle between the cabins, and peeped around the corners as long as the intruder was in sight. A general yell and rout announced his disappearance and their return to the several assessments from which they had fled.

"The father of the family was a man of sense and much general information; his morals were unimpeachable, and his character commanded so much respect, that he was prompted for one of the highest offices in the county. His election was lost in consequence of some local objection, not at all personal, and of the degraded condition of his family. He had a fine farm, valuable horses, and other property, and a very handsome appearance, well at any of his neighbors who lived more comfortably. His means would have enabled him to build a good house, surround it with cultivated grounds, and furnish it with every requisite for neatness and comfort. Had such physical degradation been the result of extreme poverty, the case would have excited compassion instead of curiosity or disgust. But it was not so.

"It may be asked, then, what was the cause? It was not that the parties were misers, and hoarded their gains; for their crops were spent freely to procure whatever they deemed necessary to their comfort. What, then, was it? Merely the incapacity of the maternal or wife family galloping along this condition, or help to create one. I afterwards saw many cases of a like mode of living, and on board, in fairness, to say that the credit was due in nearly every one to the females."

Notwithstanding all these blots upon the fair face of Western life, Mrs. Farnham has evidently been most impressed by its pleasant aspect. We give in conclusion her own words of eulogy, as expressing comprehensively her entire opinion of "the great and generous land" that is the subject of her book.

"I loved the country, and when compelled to return to the crowded and dusty marts of the East, I did so with many and deep regrets, and these still linger and mingle largely with the sentiments of my life. The writing of these sketches has, therefore, been a labor of love. While engaged upon them, I have lived again in the land of my heart—I have seen the grasses wave, and felt the winds and listened to the birds, and watched the springing flowers, and exulted in something of the old sense of freedom which these conjured upon me. Visions, prophetic of the glory and greatness which are to be developed here, have dwelt in my mind and exalted it above the narrow personal cares of life."

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1846.

TERMS.

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FOR THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Family Magazine" for the year.

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We will send one copy of Graham's Magazine and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for $5. Or for one copy of the Saturday Evening Post and two copies of "Godey's" magazine for $10.

FOR FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many pieces that are unfavorable on account of their subject. These we bear good wishes as to their literary bad name—and a short tolerable piece will find acceptance, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind?

THE MOUTH OF JUBA is accepted.

THE LUCKY TWO AND NORTHERN HUSBAND.—We cannot think that our friend has succeeded as well as usual in this last consideration, and have some doubt whether we should advance his reputation by publishing it.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Among the numerous inventions by which individuals in all countries have striven to blunt the edge of misfortune and pain, few perhaps have been more successful than the Insurance Company. It renders misfortune and not less painful to the mind the dealings of men from the danger of fire or the chances of shipwreck, it has accomplished the equally the consequences of its failure in those respects comparatively unimportant, by causing to every product more or less of the loss than that may result from those causes sustain. And although in cases of very extensive fires, like that which recently destroyed Pittsburg, the Insurance Companies may not be able to comply with their engagements, yet these are exceptions that only go to prove that this like every other plan and device of men, is far from himself, even in his best estate, not altogether perfect and infallible.

But although the usefulness of Insurance Companies has been too palpable not to have commended them at once to universal favor, they have not been, yet, such in the prejudice which many maintain towards new discoveries, and the dissatisfaction that a still larger number feel in schemes of any kind in which their fathers before them have tried, that it is only within late years that their importance seems to have been sufficiently estimated by the community at large. Merchants, as it was to be supposed, were the first to avail themselves of the satisfactory and cheap, and for a long time the merchant in our large cities has looked upon the insurance of his stock of goods as a matter as little to be neglected as the regular payment of his shipbuilders. But the farming community have been to a great degree unconscious until now, of the importance of thus guarding against the unforeseen and often irremediable attacks of the elements. Within a comparatively short time, however, mutual insurance companies have sprung up in many country neighborhoods, and there is now every prospect that in a few years there will be hardly a farmer to be in the whole extent of our land uninsured. And surely if it be a laudable thing in our country friends, to contribute to build anew the dwelling or the barn that has been destroyed by the flames, the consciousness that neglects the formation of compact, the members of which to effect pledge themselves to assist each other in case of the occurrence of such calamities, can hardly be excused. We acknowledge there is something beautiful in that voluntary charity, which hands out liberally where there is, in one sense, no claim; but there is greater beauty in that charity, the former receives as a right, not as a favor, that which his neighbors should be ashamed to withhold.

Besides, in the case of a company, the loss is divided more equally, and the willing horse is not ridden to death to feed the greatest portion of the load. For instance, a relative of mine had a store in the other day, when speaking upon this subject: "Two barns were burnt down the other day, and as I was insured, and a member of our company was only two or three dollars' while a short time before upon the same building I was burnt out, and had to pay a loss of a hundred dollars." Now, I am satisfied that in such a case as this, the insurance of a person not insured, I was expected to give my share of the misfortune, which was three or four dollars. Now, if he had belonged to the company, which numbered about 1,000, he would, in proportion to the amount he had insured, and the burden being divided would be oppressive to none.

We trust, therefore, that if there yet be any neighborhoods where the inhabitants are not in the habit of insuring and where, in fact, there are no companies formed, that they will be organized without delay, upon the mutual principle. By establishing them in this simple way, not collecting anything of any one from the members except as the necessities of the company in the repairing of losses require, paying very small if any salaries to their officers and keeping every thing in an economical manner, institutions will be permanently organized that may be productive of very extensive usefulness to the community.

And in cases where such companies are already established, we would most earnestly urge upon our friends the duty of giving it their support, and discontinuing the old and unsafe plan of insuring with foreign companies, and thus securing their property in a great degree from the chances of destruction. Where the fire is once kindled, and is burnt to the ground, the owner of which is not insured, we are almost tempted to exclaim, that he has only received the reward of his carelessness or folly. For, really, it seems to us, that the advantages of insuring are so plain and even sufficient, that it scarcely needs a second thought. Insure then by all means, and take in this way a guarantee from Fate—then be it day or dark, or blow the winds high or low, you are secure.

CAPTAIN MAY.

A late sunday of the Ledger contains the following description of this gentleman, for which they are indebted to a Baltimore correspondent. The old adage, that "extremes meet," is verified in the fact that the most wretched and the most wealthy, and the officers of the army, the most warlike of our citizens, are alike partial to long beards and hair. It had been noticed some years ago, that all the officers of the army "seemed to run into hair," but now that the military fever is thus beginning to manifest itself, we shall expect to see crop-heads thus attacked both in front and in rear, will have to give ground, and yield up the realm of Fashion to the sons of Esau.

"You have seen the personal description of Capt. May, given in a New Orleans paper. I have come up to the man. He is ever six feet high, wears his hair long, so that it nearly reaches his hips, his beard falls below his sword belt, and his moustache is unshorn. He is a splendid rider. It was this that first attracted the attention of General Jackson, when, Hero that he was, gallopping along the streets in Washington, standing in his stirrups, and presenting the personification of a knight of the ancient days of chivalry, and for him, and gave him a commission of cornet. He was in the Florida war, and many are the deeds of daring that are recorded of him, which are rapidly to declination, and he owes to his services in that war his present commission of Captain. It will interest some of your fair readers to hear that he was crossed in love some years ago. Since that time he has never allowed his hair or beard to be touched by a barber. Such is the story told of him.

"I have seen a letter from the camp at Matamoras, with a sketch of 'Captain May making his charge.' It is a most spirited and life-like thing. The Mexican batteries are at work, carrying destruction in the midst of the American ranks; the cool platoon of the cavalry has been swept down; their horses and riders are lying around in heaps; the Captain, with his long hair flowing, and exulted in something of the old sense of freedom which these conjured upon me. Visions, prophetic of the glory and greatness which are to be developed here, have dwelt in my mind and exalted it above the narrow personal cares of life."

GENERAL GAINES.

The Washington Union says that Gen. Gaines remains in camp, and 12,000 volunteers, has been altogether unauthorized and illegal. Gen. Taylor was authorized to call for State troops, if necessary, but Gaines was not informed that Gen. Taylor's command was entirely independent of him, and that the Government did not conceive that there could be the slightest occasion to call upon Texas State troops, unless on Gen. Taylor's authorization. The orders of Gen. Gaines have all been countermanded, and the Government has been compelled to decline the services of the troops called out by Gen. Gaines's requisition. Many of these persons left their homes and business at great sacrifice; expenses have been incurred by themselves, or on their account, and it is sincerely hoped that Congress will provide for the case in these expenses. Without such a provision they cannot be paid. In consequence of this act of Gen. Gaines, Gen. Gaines has been removed from the command of the Western Division. In announcing this fact, the Union pays the following compliment to the former services of Gen. G.

"Gen. Gaines is an old soldier, who has done, in former years, good service. It is very desirable he should repose in quietude for the rest of his days. If ever unregulated his conduct, few, very few are disposed to question his intentions, or to deny him the credit of patriotic motives. Government here has been and still is strongly inclined to give the most favorable construction to his conduct that the circumstances will permit; but in view of the difficulties of restraining his irregular action by orders at a distance, the enthusiasm of the volunteers has been already produced, and, if continued in his present position, will be likely to produce, it has been considered by the President necessary to relieve him from the command of the Western Division, and to call upon him to repair forthwith to Washington, considering his extraordinary course, and the mischief it has already produced, his best friends will, we think, be of opinion that the milder course could have been pursued towards him."

ENLISTMENTS.

The enlistments appear to be progressing with considerable rapidity throughout the country. We are happy to find that two or three gentlemen of this city, whom we could name, "will we would," who are greatly foremost to espouse their country's cause in the newspapers and at public meetings, not only have not enlisted but have no disposition to do so. Why, judging from the well known chivalrous character of these gentlemen do not gladden it with its beams, and the fresh air of cheerfulness and peace envelops it with a congenial atmosphere.

INCIDENT AT THE FAIR.

The Washington Union says that an Inquirer relates the following anecdote of one of his visits to the National Fair—he forgets to say, however, in which department the several articles were found. We note through his hat, several very large ones through his heart, occasioned, no doubt, by the numerous pins and pincers he wished.

"This being the last day of the Fair, there was a real race from morning till night. The ladies, anxious to have the several old bachelors who were still unmarried themselves at the sight of so much lovely beauty. It the evening your humble servant was most grossly deceived by the monstrous lying he found himself, for some reason or other, a special object of attention. One after another invitations he caught the glances of beautiful ladies fastened upon him. He went home quite satisfied with the day's work, and resolved to propose to one of the cases he should ever become a widower. But, alas! the tell-tale mirror revealed the fact that in leaving the house he had neglected to put on his false collar, his last hastily and left a large hole in the brim of his pantaloons had. Thus explained the whole mystery of the day—and, alas! the disappointment of the day—and, alas! the disappointment sents are not great mortals subjected to!"

OLD ENOUGH.

The New Orleans Delta tells of a young lady—blooming as a rose-bud, lovely as a Houri—of great accomplishments—so unsophisticated as a beaming school education could make her, who being at the house of a friend of the family, the conversation turned on the Oregon question, when she very ingenuously remarked:

"Pa says for 54° or because he says he is father of the whole or none. Ma says she'd take 49°, because she's in favor of peace. I would not like to take any one older than Harry Hounsfield, and he's but twenty-two."

PEACE ADDRESS.

The following address to the women of Philadelphia, has been received in this city from over six hundred members of Temperance Societies.

Baltimore Patriot and Journal.

The suggestion of friendly international addresses in order to desperate war and create a pacific spirit, has been so triumphantly supported and long continued, and if does do, we almost feel as if we could almost forgive the cruel and unjust war which has been waged against Mexico, to influence their American Sisters in the Cause of Religion and Peace.

It may not be without use, experience to judge of the merits of the question now at issue between our respective Governments, but we must all feel how greatly it is to be deplored that a question so simple as the present should be involved in any subject. Let us then, beloved Sisters, unite together, though separated by the mighty deep, in the holy bonds of sympathy, and in the power of Jesus, though exerted chiefly around the domestic hearth; let us seek to infuse into the minds of our husbands, our brothers, our sons, the love of peace, and of all around us, a spirit of amity and concord, whispering peace wherever the sounds of discord arise, and let us remember, that in every war the opening stanza of our tender offspring; and point out to them how it is that we require love is not through fields of battle, but through the enlightened straight forward course of justice and equity prescribed by the Gospel of "*Peace on earth, and good will towards men.*"

You and we have a common ancestry, and we bound together by the same ties of kindred nationality and mutual interest, surely then we ought to be united in the bonds of Christian love. How shall we, then, reconcile it with our duty to manifest coldness or direct friendship, who ought to love as brethren, meet on the field of battle to destroy each other?

Above all, let us unite in prayers to the Great Lord of the Universe, who turneth the hearts of the children of men, that He will open the Rulers of both Countries, to a pacific adjustment of their national difficulties, that as the most exquisite benefit a friendly intercourse may still be maintained, and that, under the benign influence of peace, the cause of Religion and Virtue may receive a fresh impulse in the nation, and the people shall learn war no more.

With sentiments of sincere good will,

We remain,
Your Friends and Sisters,
Rachael Sparks, Elizabeth Knott,
Matha Sheppard, and 10,000 others.

NEWS OF PEACE.

The following from the New York Journal of Commerce, con-eys a vivid idea of the joy with which the tidings of peace being restored, was received at the close of the war. It is to be hoped a member it ourselves, but doubtless very many of our readers can bear witness to the truth of what is here set down.

"Years ago the office of the old Gazette was in Ann street, opposite the corner of Pearl street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 19th, 1815, was cold, and quite a little band of Athenian Cobbs and another gentleman were left with father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about to be closed, when a pilot rushed in and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak. "He has great news," exclaimed Mr. Lang. Presently the pilot, grasping for breath whispered intelligibly, "*Peace! peace!*" The group, who had been discussing the question of war, caught his. Directly the pilot was able to say, "An English sloop-of-war is below with news of a treaty of peace." He would tell it to no other than the editor of the city. A few evenings after, there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep in the first and broadest part of the streets was crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of Peace!

GREAT MOGULS.

A correspondent of the Worcester Patriot, who writes in a dashing, impudent style, thus sketches the exhibition of wax figures, and others at the Hall of Wall Street, New York. His notice of the poet Halleck is not very flattering, but it is to account, and the army, after moving through the town, for the want of it:

"Wax figures, of course, are all the rage. Among the mounted battery; all the musicars, and such of the military apparatus as could not be removed in the hurry of departing with the rest, having only the private secretary of John Jacob Astor. See how learnedly he walks! dressedly like a poet, as he is! Next to him is the figure of Washington Irving. Here the author's face lengthens all those poetical features, rather than a round peg in the garden of Hesperides. He's quite a literary man, and acquires low stocks, insurances and the like are going, and will then return with the intelligence to Astor—who, if author, will be glad to hear it. Next to Washington Irving comes Fenimore Cooper. The Punch and Judy show is still installed, the shuts of the "Spy" not having told well. In fact, "Yaph is about the only thing that pays, and that principally from the Old Bowery. In style and appearance, the *Daily News* was a servile imitation of the *Morning Chronicle*, but that is in size reduced to one and a price reduced to one cent. Its circulation, however, is not extensive. The general impression is that Arista intends capturing his forces at Hermosa, and then marching on Mexico. Ampudia cannot from Paredes that he will retreat hostilities.

Gen. Taylor, like a true American officer, gave battle on Friday afternoon, the enemy's camp, and without paying for its actual value. The citizens of Matamoras were permitted to go on with their business as usual. The commissariat are selling 3 quarts.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 30th, contains a letter from Paul Taylor, dated 20th ultimo. It gives some interesting items. The writer says that the Mexican prisoners, mules, ladies' saddles, extremely wrought leather pack saddles, huge saddle-bags, rose-wood and other ordinance support cannon like gorge steel, letters, and all kinds of documents, picked up on the ground where Ampudia was encamped. One of the letters of great value is that of Commodore Conner to the Secretary of the Navy. We are importing large quantities of ice from Norway, owing to the mildness of last winter. Why do you not send Mexican prisoners as well as American troops, and wild turkeys, which are now sold in Liverpool and London? Trade in the manufacturing districts is very dull, consequent upon the large failures of the and bankers in several parts of the kingdom have created much consternation and good reason. A short time ago, Mrs. E. Clarke, in a fit of madness, drowned her three children in the Thames. A Jew in Turkey has become a convert to the gospel. I am sorry to say that a species of influenza, such as was prevalent in 1831 as a forerunner of the cholera, has appeared in Berlin. The dreadful scourge is still on its march to St. Petersburg, and it causes much consternation. The most quick times in London must be increasing with wonderful rapidity, for I observe that last week there were 1,414 births, and only 841 deaths; within the bills of mortality. The Tower of London is now watched by the metropolitan police, instead of the garrison troops as heretofore. Now that returning is going active, it may be interesting to inquire, what is the pay of the soldier?

The pay of the soldier is 1s. per day, or 7s. per week.

Deduct for a cavalry recruit, 4d.

Deduct for a cavalry soldier, one shilling and a penny for beer.

A guardsman, is. 11½d. per day.

A life guardsman costs 2s. 11d. a year, or 4s. 11d. a year, or 4s. 6d. per week.

A dragoon costs 2s. 11½d. 5d. a year, or 4s. 11d. 9d. a week.

A foot guard, 4.36 10s. a year, or 10s. 6d. per week.

An infantry soldier costs 4.31 a year, or 10s. 6d. a week.

Seamen in the Royal Navy receive 4s. 11d. 6d. per month, or 11s. a week, and as per week more are allowed for provisions. Would that mankind and the world were in such a condition as to enable us to abolish the ranks of war altogether, and employ the martial multitudes in agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

Singular marriages and elopements are discovered to be of frequent occurrence. Lovers have only to be called the ranks in high life. On Monday last, a daughter of Mr. Hall, of Ann street, was the subject of a large lottery, eloped from London with a young upholsterer; and on the same day, while the marriage ceremony was proceeding between Miss Hall, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and young George Langton, of Hampshire, in the parish church (the fashionable) Church, Hanover Square, London, the lady's father, the Duke, appeared, and stopped the marriage. The Prince Royal, of Denmark, has applied for a divorce from his wife, the Princess Caroline, of Mecklenburg, on the ground of "insurmountable aversion." This would not have been the first divorced from the daughter of King Frederic VI., of Denmark. He now wishes to marry his cousin, the Princess Augusta, of Hesse Cassel. May he get a Xantippe! Such things are monstrous. A conspiracy has been discovered in Genoa, the object of which was, to overthrow the school—For Anthony Colby, 146; for J. W. H. Ames, 135. Colby's majority, 11.

Mr. Wood died in the Milwaukie Sentinel an account of the returns of the election held in the county of Wisconsin in April last, to decide the question of State government, by which it appears that the majority in favor of that measure is twenty-five to one.

NOTICED.—The Courier and Enquirer of Nov. 14, 1845, contains a notice of Form of Government for the United States, viewed either in the form of a Constitution or Declaration of Rights, &c. &c. The author of this work is a gentleman of much observation and results in society, is intimately acquainted with the principles of our Government, and prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity.

Id. The testimony of the General Assembly from A. D. 1787, to A. D. 1838 inclusive inclusive, bound and in muslin. Will also receive the money of the Presbyterian Church of these United States against it, from which we do not recede.

Id. Essays on the Church, Revised and the exposition of our deep regret that Slavery should be tolerated and countenanced by any of the members of the Christian Church, consistently exhibited them and the churches among whom it exists. Upon the announcement of his decease in the several Courts, immediate adjournments were ordered, and the gentlemen making the announcement paid fitting tributes to his character and virtues, both as a gentleman and a jurist.

Political Intelligence.

IOWA CONVENTION.—The Convention which assembled at Iowa City for the purpose of framing a State Constitution, for the admission of Iowa into the Union, has completed their work and adjourned. The present Constitution is the same in its most essential features as the one which was rejected by the former Convention. It prevents the General Assembly from contracting debts exceeding $100,000, except in military exigencies.

ISRAEL B. JAMES is a candidate for Congress in the North-Western States and Territories, in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, &c. [*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

Weed, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Sanders.

THOMAS BEVERN is a candidate for Congress in the Wilmington district.

WILLIAM L. PERCE is a candidate for Congress in the Jersey.

Religious Intelligence.

SLAVERY.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in the late session, have completed their work and adjourned. The following resolutions by a vote of 97 yeas to 96 nays—absent, twenty members:

The Post Master whom the General Assembly trust to Dr. Duffield's declaration, viz:

The Assembly having duly considered the subject of slavery in their attention to the memorials forwarded from Presbyteries and to the appeal, adopt the following as the expression of their judgment:

1st. The system of Slavery as it exists in the United States, viewed either in the form of a Constitution or Declaration of Rights, &c. &c. The author of this work is a gentleman of much observation and results in society, is intimately acquainted with the principles of our Government, and prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity.

Id. The testimony of the General Assembly from A. D. 1787, to A. D. 1838 inclusive inclusive, bound and in muslin. Will also receive the money of the Presbyterian Church of these United States against it, from which we do not recede.

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Local Intelligence.

DEATH OF JUDGE RANDALL.

HON. ARCHIBALD RANDALL, Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, died last Monday morning, at 9 o'clock, of gastric fever, having been confined to his room by the first attacks of this disease within the last two years, and on Thursday week was compelled to adjourn the court in consequence of its recurrence. Upon the announcement of his decease in the several Courts, immediate adjournments were ordered, and the gentlemen making the announcement paid fitting tributes to his character and virtues, both as a gentleman and a jurist.

Mr. EXECUTIVE.—Is it week or no ago a man calling himself John L. Pierce of Boston, Mass., made a statement at the Mayor's office that he was about to proceed to Europe, and that on the morning at Spruce street wharf, he was accosted by a man who said he was a Turkish officer, and that part of the money which he had in his pocket was counterfeit, and that he would exchange it for genuine money. He gave, he stated that part of the money was in $10 of two banks of the East; paid to him by a man in Providence, Rhode Island. The police officers, to ascertain whether or not there was any truth in the story, went to the Cashier of one of the banks, who, it reply, states that the Bank allowed to have no $10 notes in circulation, and that no such notes were issued by the Bank. The police officers according to the degree of light and other circumstances pertaining to each. In view of all the circumstances, the committee are of opinion that the Bank is entitled to the confidence of the community, and to the least degree, changing its course.

4th. But while we believe that many evils confessed to the system render it important and necessary to bear testimony against it, yet we cannot undertake to determine the degree of moral culpability to be attached to the part of individuals involved in it. In this matter, as in others, we desire to judge charitably, and to entertain them in such bonds as the Scriptures authorize. We refer to the case of Onesimus, and to the fact that Paul sent him back to his master. We refer to the case of Onesimus, and to the fact that Paul sent him back to his master. We refer to the case of Onesimus, and to the fact that Paul sent him back to his master.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

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JNO. P. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Mr. M. Stoneman*, for Kentucky.

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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some subscribers live at a distance from the office of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is paid, gives a certificate to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount thereof, and sends it to the Post Master at the office, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is paid.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is to take a receipt from the Post Master to whom it is paid, for the amount, paying the same and the newspaper or periodical to the publisher, of which it is deposited, to the Post Master from whom the money is paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt in the Publisher is not authorized to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the receipt, provided it is a piece of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher.

Post Office, ——, September 15, 1845.

Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," for which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount, and am to account for the same to the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, on the presentation of the receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment sent her to the subscriber, to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia.

POST OFFICE, *Malden, Pa., September 15, 1845.*
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office Regulations.

JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Congressional News.

The most important business that has engaged the attention of the Senate since our last, is a resolution offered by Mr Cass, which is understood to apply to the Secretary of the Treasury, and which calls for volunteers without the requisite authority from the government.

On the 15th, the following resolution, offered the day previous by Mr Cass was taken up for consideration:

Resolved, That the President be requested to inform the Senate whether any officer of the army, during the progress of the war with Mexico, has been or solicits into the service of the United States without legal authority therefor; and, if so, what is the number of officers who have been thus employed, and whether officers of the line or staff have been appointed contrary to law; and whether such calls, if made, were accompanied with the reasons which they will cost; and whether any advantages have resulted or can be expected to result from it; and what measures the Department of War adopted for the defence of the southern frontier of the United States during the present period.

A debate of great extent and of nearly proportionate interest here took place. The speakers were Messrs. Cass, Sevier, Webster, Woodbridge, Crittenden, Archer, J. M. Clayton, Johnson of Louisiana, Johnson of Maryland, Bagby, Cuttenden, and Calhoun. During the discussion, amendments were offered and adopted, on motions by Messrs. Sevier, Archer, Johnson of Louisiana, and Johnson of Maryland. Mr. Calhoun at last laid the whole subject on the table. Yeas lost, ayes 11, nays 20. And the resolution, after various amendments, was finally adopted, and intended to bring before the country all the correspondence that has recently taken place between the Government and General Scott, &c., passed without a division.

Upon the 8th inst, a message was received from the President, and many extracts of the correspondence between Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, and Gen. Scott, and Mr. Marcy and Gen. Gaines, and Gen. Gaines and Taylor. It is known that the attacks made upon him in certain high quarters for not being an eager for the fight as Scott, and says that he chooses to put himself in a position to be fired upon in the rear from Washington, and to retire in disorder from the field of battle, and to return on a successful campaign, enters fully into all the particulars of the amount of force, equipments and expenses, and the whole subject on the table. He has lost, says 11, says

Selected Poetry.

THE PEARL WEARER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that he died three score-and-ten hours after (for some) unknown cause after he had reached the land or boat from which he had plunged!—and that amongst the shells which he brought up, was one that resembled a pearl of surpassing size and beauty.

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single precious, priceless pearl,
All fiery eyed! for ever sleeps.
Whom the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes—there is lire,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn.
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Too—what doth all avail?
All in beauty, all in grace?
All the hearer of its place?
His who plunged it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Limb, without life or motion,
Is his earthly dwelling—dead!
And his children, where are they?
When they look upon the sea,
Cross the veil by which he drew
The treasure from the bed of blue.

Gentle Bride, no longer wear,
In thy night black abhorrent hair,
Such a spell. It was not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such atonement grief!
What need'st thou a diadem?—
Then, within the midnight wave,
Thought (a sweety genius) lies!—
There, where Coral Tree's lush bush made
Dwelling-in whom we trace
Woman's solemn—angel's grace—
Where the sea-flower's crowned head
Upon us, in our loosened dreams?

Oh sweet lady! rest aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All as one or pain alive!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and sanguy bay
Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-hegotten gold
Weigh in heaven hard and cold!
But be true for ever known
By the natural light alone!

Amusing Dialogue.

PLAYING OLD SOLDIER.

We are indebted to the Fulton County Democrat, published at Johnston, N. Y., for the following ludicrous account of a dialogue that recently took place in that village between a Surgeon and a Militia Man, who had become much alarmed at the prospect of being drafted for the Mexican War, and wished therefore to procure a certificate of inability to perform military duty.

The reason of the joke is that the applicant was a large athletic person, perfectly sound and well, in every respect. He walked into the Surgeon's office with a downcast appearance, and apparently in great bodily distress, and then commenced the following

DIALOGUE.

Militia Man.—Well, Doctor, I've called to see you, and I want to get a certificate to clear me from Mexico.

Surgeon.—Well, friend, what is the matter?

Mil.—Why, sir, in the first place, I'm deaf in my right ear, I can't hear a bit through it. I couldn't hear the noise of forty cannons on that side.

Surg.—Deafness is an affliction, my friend, but that alone will not shield you from military duty, in times of national peril—but you can hear in the other ear, can't you?

Mil.—Not very well—when I take cold it settles in my head—kills it up tight, and then one ear ain't much better than t'other. Oh! it's an awful build to be deaf, and ought to clear any man from trainin'.

Surg.—I deeply sympathize with you, sir, and under ordinary circumstances I would be happy to grant your request—but these are trying times—times of danger and bloodshed. We are engaged with Mexico on the south. England threatens to take part in the contest, and if she does, we will be surrounded on all sides by enemies, and we shall witness the "most terrible struggle the world ever saw," and further, sir, I have been instructed by the Commanding General, not to grant certificates for the slight causes during the continuance of the war.

Mil.—Texico! they'll not catch me in Texico. I'll not go to that hornin' climate to be murdered and roasted to death by Spaniards and bloody Injuns—besides, doctor, my constitution wouldn't stand it. I'd die there in less than a week. It's horrible to drag a man away off to Texico to fight with niggers and Injuns, especially a poor deaf lad as I be, sir. Go to Texico! no, by thunder, I won't—I'll die first.

Surg.—All the sound, able bodied men in this regiment will soon be called upon to march to Mexico, and surely no patriot will refuse to defend his country.

Mil.—Able bodied men! pon, but I ain't able bodied, as I said before, I'm deaf as a door mail in one ear, and besides, Doctor, I've got a dreadful lame foot,—three years ago, I split my big toe three and three' and it's never been well since, I have to wear a big boot on that foot (you see,) and even now it sometimes gives me great distress. Oh, no; what times!

Surg.—Then you are lame, are you?

Mil.—Yes, Doctor, I've been told by one right with that leg low—and you know, Doctor, that I'd send in the army, and get in a battle, and our side get licked, and had to run, why I couldn't keep up with the rest on account of that one lame foot. I'd surely be taken prisoner, and then like enough they'd have an Injun power over me, and tie me to a stake and roast me to death by inches, as they did John Rogers. Oh, Doctor! do give me a certificate: you know I ain't fit to make a warrior, and so for going to Texico, I won't do it. No, by thunder, I won't!

Surg.—You will be obliged to go if they call upon you, otherwise you will hang you will be treated as a traitor.

Mil.—Hang me! I'd rather die here among Christians and decent folks, than to be tortured to death by them infernal bloody Spaniards. Oh, no! I think they might let poor deaf and lame lad like me stay at home.

Surg.—Well, friend, I should be pleased to comply with your request, but the General's orders are imperative not to grant any certificates unless the person applying has some better excuse than you appear to have—deaf ear or a lame toe is a small matter in such times, and will not clear you.

Mil.—Oh, Doctor! I hain't told you half of my diseases yet. That toe, and ear, and nothin' to that ere consumption (laying his hand on his breast and trying to cough) and this cough, oh! it distresses me night and day, and Doctor! I says, that northern climate would'nt agree with my disease. He says it would kill me off in three days. Now, besides, Doctor, all the neighbors know I'm a sick and weakly feller, and can't do a day's work. I work by the day, or wages. I can't do nothin' a little chores about the house. I can't cradle nor mow, nor plow, nor take no hard grain, nor any such hard work—and I think you can see that I got the consumption and can't do a day's work should'nt go to war.

Surg.—To a hard matter I know, but in seasons of war—in perilous emergencies, the country expects every patriot to do his duty.

Mil.—Well, Doctor, I would be a first rate patriot as I was able, but I aint able. I could'nt stand the wear and tear of war. I expect to drop off with the consumption one of these days, I can feel my liver in about eat up with it, and so what's the use to take me away off to die among the wild Texico cass.

Surg.—My friend, I'm really sorry for you—but are you laboring under the effects of consumption?

Mil.—To be sure I am—*here to pain his hand upon his chest, and continue an artificial cough—some fitting symptoms of great pain*) just examine me, Doctor, and you'll find I'm not joken ob. Doctor! if you can hold that pain I suffer, you'd give me a certificate quick.

Here the Surgeon approaches the consumption "Militia Man" and commences and examines him on various points as follows:

Surg.—Well, sir, your pulse beats rapid, and indicates a high fever.

Mil.—Yes, sir, but that kind he high now as 'tis sometimes. Sometimes I feel as hot as if I was in a pot of hilin water

Surg.—How often are you troubled with this to-ver?

Mil.—More or less every day; it's a great deal worse that hot weather. How then could I stand it in Texico where they say you can bake eggs, and other victuals in the Sun, without either kettle or water? I wouldn't go there, for all the niggers and land to boot, because, Doctor, I could'nt stand it. *Surg.*—Tell me your liver is badly deranged with consumption, what is the state of your bowels?

Mil.—Oh, dreadfully out of order, Doctor; I have to take two smackin' doses of salts every day to keep me right, and every night when I lay down I'm in hopes I shall be dead as Julius Cæsar before I wake, were piled on the top of me. I roll over from one side to tother and never get any sleep till about daylight. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! don't know what misery I suffer.

Surg.—Anything strong about your head.

Mil.—Oh, yes, Doctor; my head aint much better than no head at all. My brain seems to be jogged out of its place. I have sich dreadful headache, and then again sich dizzy fits. Why, Doctor, every mornin' when I get up, these dizzy spells come on, and I have to sit every now and then and peak, to keep from fallin' down, I stay in the house and never do nothin' till after breakfast.

Surg.—Have you terrible dream any during the night?

Mil.—Yes, I have frightful dreams. I see devils and witches dancin' cutlibuss like all natter' Oh, what devil! rapers they do cut up! I s'pose those dreams are caused by my brain bein' out of order.

Surg.—No, dearie of that, but as to your lungs, you seem to be troubled with a bad cough, do you throw up any matter?

Mil.—Yes, sometimes I have a quart every day, sometimes almost strangles me. Oh! oh! (raising a cough.)

Surg.—Do you raise any blood?

Mil.—Yes, a great deal.

Surg.—Perhaps it proceeds from your nose, if you are subject to bleeding at the nose.

Mil.—No; no; Doctor, my nose never bleeds, this blood comes right straight up from my liver, and it's as fresh as if it was taken from a leg. I raise it by mouthfuls; so you see, Doctor I can't stand it long at this rate, and I wouldn't be reasoned to send a dyin' man like away off to fight them savage Spanish niggers. If I could fight, Doctor, I would, I aint no coward by no means.

Surg.—Do you have any sweats or cold chills?

Mil.—Yes, I have both, terrible spells I have too. When I get up in the morning the headaches are as wet as if they was soaked in a wash tub, and then again, the cold chills come on, and I feel as if I was blowed all over with a cake of ice. Oh, Doctor! you don't know wh... a sickly critter I am; if you did, you wouldn't ask no questions.

Surg.—You weight is good, is it not?

Mil.—Not at all, Doctor. I'm very near-sighted. When the sun shines it dazzles my eyes, and in cloudy weather I can't see from one end of the gun to the other, so you see I would be of no kind of use in war. I'd be as likely to shoot the stars as the Mexicans. Don't you think so, Doctor?

Surg.—Are any of your bones dislocated?

Mil.—Yes, sir, they are, there's hardly a sound bone in my body, the four finger on my right hand is out of joint and very weak, so that I can't shoot off a gun. And then like I spoke of are so satisfied that they have unjointed three of my ribs, and then again, I broke my breast bones four years ago by falin' off a house, and they have never, and Doctor, the bones never heal up when they break once. The night air is bad for me, (*here he coughed consumptively.*) I never go out in the night air. I don't get my feet wet, if I did, my toe would swell up so big that I couldn't get my boot on for a week. I have no appetite—I can't eat nothin' but delicate vittals, and furthermore, Doctor, I have a dreadful pain across the kidneys and in the spine—it darts through my hull body like sharp arrows. Seven years ago I took the fever and ague, and it hangs on to me yet, and will till I die. Oh, Doctor! I'm dead and misery, from the top of my brains to the end of my toes, and do you think sich right, Doctor, to send a poor miserable, half dead skeleton like me to fight the Mexicans, besides, Doctor, I'm a Whig which one is agin my principles, like to make war on the war, and let em fight it out? Oh! oh! the very thought breaks my heart. Go off there? no, I won't do it. They may shoot or hang me here on me, but I'll be d—d if I go to Texico. I aint no coward, Doctor, but I couldn't stand the hankdup. I'm willin to defend the fightin, and so on—that's all. Now I'll die, do take pity on me, and write me a honorable certificate. Oh, do—I'll pay you well, Doctor, (putting his hand in his pocket) to get 'em a spell of change. I'll give you $5 or $10. Come, Doctor, come.

Surg.—You are certainly an object of sympathy, my friend, but I can't disobey my instructions. Perhaps, friend, if you can't stand the fare two weeks you might join the cavalry, or act as teamster for the baggage waggon.

Mil.—A teamster and waron! I can't ride a horse faster than a slow walk on account of my consumption, and I couldn't drive a team on account of my lame foot—I might tumble off and break my neck.

Surg.—Really friend, you are in a dreadful situation if your statement be correct, and I don't know but I ought to grant you a certificate, notwithstanding my instructions to the contrary. Would you swear to the statement you have made to me?

Mil.—Yes, sir, I would swear to it, what I tell you is as true as the Gospel.

Surg.—Well if I write a few days to see if my orders may not be countermanded; probably it may not be necessary to send off this regiment, and if it is not I will then grant you a certificate. Call again next Saturday.

Mil.—Very well, if they only wait a few days, thank God! I'll be in my grave, and I'll be out of the reach in spite of em—and then they can't send me off to fight the bloody savages of South America.

Last Militia Man.

Affecting Sketch.

THE TASK.

An Affecting Story of the Mountain LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a high mountain, and have he did so; and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high, could not be the highest. To the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us put it a good lofty hill in the summer time, at least. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for his mountain lover to climb it. But that was no one alone, in room he hade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The prospect assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes, they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. Then they fell to the horseback sport and shouting, and the lover addressed his daughter even to desiring that he had undertaken such a hazard, but he thought it would teach him indifference